

# Joe Purdy, Isabel And The King

There's a lady, Spanish roses in her hair  
And they cover the crown of thorns she wears  
And the blood from her lips as she sings  
Do it all for the glory of thee

And they carry her down, down, down  
Down in the cold, cold, ground  
By the river she used to pray  
River now she will wait  
For the king to come

And the boys who would crave her perfect skin  
And she burned herself, she thought it would please him  
And the iron chain spiked around her waist  
And the poison that she used to hide her face

And they carry her down, down, down  
Down in the cold, cold, ground  
By the river she used to pray  
River now she will wait  
For the king to come

And she made a bed of broken glass and stone  
She slept at night to prove the faith was strong  
And when her broken body finally gave  
There grew Spanish roses by her grave

And they carry her down, down, down  
Down in the cold, cold, ground  
By the river she used to pray  
River now she will wait  
For the king to come